

*Fooles.* She's e'ne setting on water to scald such Chickens as you are. Would we could see you at Corinth.  
*Ape.* Good, Gramercy.

*Enter Page.*

*Fooles.* Look you, heere comes my Masters Page.

*Page.* Why how now Captaine? what do you in this wise Company.

How dost thou *Apemantus*?

*Ape.* Would I had a Rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably.

*Boy.* Prythee *Apemantus* read me the superscription of these Letters, I know not which is which.

*Ape.* Canst not read?

*Page.* No.

*Ape.* There will little Learning dye then that day thou art hang'd. This is to Lord *Timon*, this to *Alcibiades*. Go thou was't borne a Bastard, and thou'lt dye a Bawd.

*Page.* Thou was't whelp'd a Dogge, and thou shalt famish a Dogges death.

Answer not, I am gone.

*Exit*

*Ape.* Ene so thou out-runst Grace,  
*Fooles* I will go with you to Lord *Timon*.

*Fooles.* Will you leaue me there?

*Ape.* If *Timon* stay at home,

You three serue three Vsurers?

*All.* I would they seru'd vs.

*Ape.* So would I:

As good a trick as euer Hangman seru'd Theefe.

*Fooles.* Are you three Vsurers men?

*All.* I Fooles.

*Fooles.* I thinke no Vsurer, but ha's a Foole to his Seruant. My Mistris is one, and I am her Foole: when men come to borrow of your Masters, they approach sadly, and go away merry: but they enter my Masters house merrily, and go away sadly. The reason of this?

*Var.* I could render one.

*Ape.* Do it then, that we may account thee a Whoremaster, and a Knaue, which notwithstanding thou shalt be no lesse esteemed.

*Varro.* What is a Whoremaster Foole?

*Fooles.* A Foole in good clothes, and something like thee. 'Tis a spirit, sometime 't'appeares like a Lord, sometime like a Lawyer, sometime like a Philosopher, with two stones more then 'artificiall' one. Hee is verie often like a Knight; and generally, in all shapies that men goes vp and downe in, from fourescore to thirteen, this spirit walkes in.

*Var.* Thou art not altogether a Foole.

*Fooles.* Nor thou altogether a Wife man,  
As much foolerie as I haue, so much wit thou lack'st.

*Ape.* That answer might haue become *Apemantus*.

*All.* Aside, aside, heere comes Lord *Timon*.

*Enter Timon and Steward.*

*Ape.* Come with me (Foole) come.

*Fooles.* I do not alwayes follow Louer, seldr Brother, and Woman, sometime the Philosopher.

*Stew.* Pray you walke enee,

He speake with you anon.

*Exeunt.*

*Tim.* You make me meruell wherefore ere this time Had you not fully laide my state before me,

That I might so haue rated my expence

As I had leaue of meanes.

*Stew.* You would not heare me:

At many leysures I propose.

*Tim.* Go too:

Perchance some single vantages you tooke,  
When my indisposition put you backe,  
And that vnaptnesse made your minister  
Thus to excuse your selfe.

*Stew.* O my good Lord,

At many times I brought in my accompts,  
Laid them before you, you would throw them off,  
And say you found them in mine honestie,  
When for some trifling present you haue bid me  
Returne so much, I haue shooke my head, and wept:  
Yea 'gainst th' Authoritie of manners, pray'd you  
To hold your hand more close: I did indure  
Not sildome, nor no slight checkes, when I haue  
Prompted you in the ebbe of your estate,  
And your great flow of debts; my lou'd Lord,  
Though you heare now (too late) yes nowes a time,  
The greatest of your hauing, lackes a halfe,  
To pay your present debts.

*Tim.* Let all my Land be sold.

*Stew.* 'Tis all engag'd, some forfeited and gone,  
And what remains will hardly stop the mouth  
Of present dues; the future comes apace:  
What shall defend the interim, and at length  
How goes our reck'ning?

*Tim.* To Lacedemon did my Land extend.

*Stew.* O my good Lord, the world is but a word,  
Were it all yours, to giue it in a breath,  
How quickly were it gone.

*Tim.* You tell me true.

*Stew.* If you suspect my Husbandry or Falshood,  
Call me before the exactest Auditors,  
And set me on the prooffe. So the Gods bleffe me,  
When all our Offices haue bene oppress'd  
With riotous Feuders, when our Vaults haue wept  
With drunken spilt of Wine; when euery roome  
Hath blaz'd with Lights, and braid with Minstrelsie,  
I haue retr'd me to a wastefull cocke,  
And set mine eyes at flow.

*Tim.* Prythee no more.

*Stew.* Heauens haue I said, the bounty of this Lord:  
How many prodigall bits haue Slaues and Pezants  
This might englutted: who is not *Timon*,  
What heart, head, sword, force, meanes, but is *L. Timon*:  
Great *Timon*, Noble, Worthy, Royall *Timon*:  
Ah, when the meanes are gone, that buy this praise,  
The breath is gone whereof this praise is made:  
Feast won, fast lost; one cloud of Winter showres,  
These flies are coucht.

*Tim.* Come sermon me no further.

No villanous bounty yet hath past my heart;  
Vnwisely, not ignobly haue I giuen.  
Why dost thou weepe, canst thou the conscience lacke,  
To thinke I shall lacke friends: secure thy heart,  
If I would broach the vessels of my loue,  
And try the argument of hearts, by borrowing,  
Men, and mens fortunes could I frankly vse  
As I can bid thee speake.

*Stew.* Assurance bleffe your thoughts.

*Tim.* And in some sort these wants of mine are crown'd,  
That I account them blessings. For by these  
Shall I trie Friends. You shall perceiue  
How you mistake my Fortunes;  
I am wealthie in my Friends.

Within there, *Flaminius*, *Seruilus*?

*Enter*

*Enter three Seruants.*

*Ser.* My Lord, my Lord.

*Tim.* I will dispatch you seuerally.

You to Lord *Lucius*, to Lord *Lucullus* you, I hunted  
with his Honor to day; you to *Sempronius*; commend me  
to their loues; and I am proud say, that my occasions  
haue found time to vse 'em toward a supply of mony: let  
the request be fifty Talents.

*Flam.* As you haue said, my Lord.

*Stew.* Lord *Lucius* and *Lucullus*? Humh.

*Tim.* Go you fir to the Senators;

Of whom, euen to the States best health; I haue  
Defer'd this Hearing: bid 'em send o'th' instant  
A thousand Talents to me.

*Stew.* I haue bene bold

(For that I knew it the most generall way)  
To them, to vse your Signer, and your Name,  
But they do shake their heads, and I am heere  
No richer in returne.

*Tim.* Is't true? Can't be?

*Stew.* They answer in a ioynt and corporate voice,  
That now they are at fall, want Treasure cannot  
Do what they would, are forric: you are Honourable,  
But yet they could haue wish'd, they know not,  
Something hath bene amisse; a Noble Nature  
May catch a wrench; would all were well; tis pittie,  
And so intending other serious matters,  
After distastefull lookes; and these hard Fractions  
With certaine halfe-caps, and cold mouing nods,  
They froze me into Silenec.

*Tim.* You Gods reward them:

Prythee man looke cheerefully. These old Fellowes  
Haue their ingratitude in them Hereditary:  
Their blood is cal'd, 'tis cold, it sildome flowes,  
'Tis lacke of kindly warmth, they are not kinde;  
And Nature, as it growes againe toward earth,  
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull and heauy.  
Go to *Ventidius* (prythee be not sad,  
Thou art true, and honest; Ingeniously I speake,  
No blame belongs to thee: *Ventidius* lately  
Buried his Father, by whose death hee's stepp'd  
Into a great estate: When he was poore,  
Imprison'd, and in scarcitie of Friends,  
I cleer'd him with fife Talents: Greet him from me,  
Bid him suppose, some good necessity  
Touches his Friend, which craves to be remembred  
With those fife Talents; that had, giue't these Fellowes  
To whom 'tis instant due. Neer' speake, or thinke,  
That *Timon*'s fortunes 'mong his Friends can sinke.

*Stew.* I would I could not thinke it:

That thought is Bounties Foe;  
Being free it selfe, it thinkes all others so.

*Exeunt*

*Flaminius* waiting to speake with a Lord from his Master,  
enters a seruant to him.

*Ser.* I haue told my Lord of you, he is coming down  
to you.

*Flam.* I thanke you Sir.

*Enter Lucullus.*

*Ser.* Heere's my Lord.

*Luc.* One of Lord *Timon*'s men? A Guist I warrant.  
Why this hits right: I dreamt of a Silver Bason & Ewre  
tonight. *Flaminius*, honest *Flaminius*, you are verie re-  
spectfully welcome sir. Fill me some Wine. And how  
does that Honourable, Compleate, Free-hearted Gentle-

man of Athens, thy very  
ster?

*Flam.* His health is we

*Luc.* I am right glad t  
what hast thou there vnd

*Flam.* Faith, nothing  
my Lords behalfe, I com  
ply: who hauing great a  
Talents, hath sent to you  
thing doubting your pre

*Luc.* La, la, la, la: Not  
good Lord, a Noble Gen  
to good a house. Many  
him, and told him on't, an  
of purpose, to haue him  
brace no counsell, take no  
ry man has his fault, and h  
but I could nere get him

*Enter Seruants.*

*Ser.* Please your Lord

*Luc.* *Flaminius*, I hau  
Heere's to thee.

*Flam.* Your Lordship

*Luc.* I haue obserued  
prompts spirit, giue thee  
what belongs to reason;  
time vse thee well. Good  
rah. Draw neerer honest  
tiffull Gentleman, but th  
well enough (although th  
time to lend money, esp  
without securitie. Here  
Boy winke at me, and say  
well.

*Flam.* Is't possible the  
And we alieue that liued  
To him that worships the

*Luc.* Ha? Now I see  
Master.

*Flam.* May these adde  
Let mouten Coine be th  
Thou discafe of a friend,  
Has friendship such a fa  
It turnes in lesse then tw  
I feele my Masters passio  
Has my Lords meane in h  
Why should it thrice, an  
When he is turn'd to pay  
O may Discafe onely wo  
And when he's sicke to d  
Which my Lord payd fo  
To expell sicknesse, but p

*Enter Lucius.*

*Luc.* Who the Lord *Tim*  
and an Honourable Gent

1. We know him for  
gers to him. But I can te  
which I heare from comm  
happie howres are done  
from him.

*Lucius.* Fye no, doe  
for money.

2. But belecuz you thi  
one of his men was with  
many Talents, nay vrg'